A SUMMER IDYL

By S. B. KENNEDY.

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ROM shining sea up to the blue sky reaches she turned her averaged. reaches she turned her eyes lan-guidly. With a masterful action he took the sunshade, closed it and threw tt at her feet

"But three hours of these happy weeks remain to me, and I cannot afford to lose one glimpse of your face. Your train leaves at eight?"

"It is strange." he said presently in a tone that was new to her. "It is strange how near a man may come to happiness and then miss it-dragged back by some dread destiny! Fate seems to have set me up as a target for her mockery. She puts an ignis fatuus beside my path and then gibes at me because I follow It is gone now-every ray of light has disappeared, and I am in the dark; but, thank heaven! I am alone; your clearer vision never saw the light, never

He sprang up, making the boat in which they sat careen and sending the water splashily over the side. Then suddenly their eyes met, and he knew that he was not alone in the dark. that she, too, had seen the light, real or path. With a great, glad cry he etretched out his arms to her, "Donna Donna!"

Then, as she reached up her hands to meet his, he as suddenly flung them away. Then he took her hands flercely

"Listen. You are pure and true, you man follow, the call of his heart or the call of his honor? Which should he e, an honorable hell or a sullied

She lifted her terrified eyes to his. "If it is sullied it is not a heaven; if it

At the pier Baxter stepped out and

healde him. "I shall not see you again-A year went by and in her own home

Donna found no solution of the summer idyl that started in comedy and ended in tragedy. Then one day there came a letter from an old school friend.

"They are going to marry me off on the 16th; not to the man I love, but to him to whom my promise was given when I was only a child of sixteen. My father says I am in honor bound to hold to my engagement, so he has arranged the date. Come and assist at the sac-STELLA."

Donna packed her trunk and on the Carnoon of the 15th reached her friend's home. Stella was in a highly nervous

Pushing her friend into the library Stella said:

Baxter, this is Donna; entertain her for a few minutes;" then hastily followed the maid down the hall. With eyes wide and pitiful Donna steadled herself against a chair.

"You!" she cried. And a voice that must ever bring back to her the shine of the sea, the lap of the waves, re-peated her question: "You!"

Stella never told me your name. she faltered. "And I never thought to ask yours

it seemed of no consequence.' Stella's room was empty next morning, and a note on the hall table told man she loved and had fled with him in the night.

Donna and Baxter met again tha

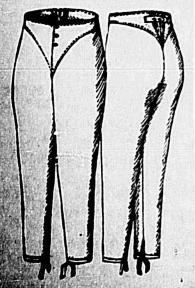
First let me tell you," Baxter sail softly, "that I had not seen her in two years she had travelled abroad-and so I knew nothing of her love for this frequently, thought her devoted to me, and I took her estimate. In the second place. I have come to think that in following her heart Stella followed also her honor, for surely it is better to break an unwise promise to marry a man than to stand in the presence God and men and swear a false oath to

And with her hand in his she went



Evening World's Daily Fashion Hint.

To cut these drawers for a man of medium size 3 1-4 yards of material 36 inches wide or 4 yards 27 inches wide will be required.

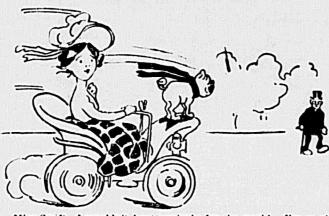


TATE CAREW ABROAD. CECIL HAS NOTHING TO SAY.



Cecil Rhodes, the king of diamonds-"knave of diamonds," the pro-Boers call him-has just arrived in England "on private business," and I have essayed to portray him in the act of refusing to be interviewed. Nobody seems to be mightily excited over his presence in England. In truth, Mr. Rhodes appears to have shrunk considerably in importance. Where now are his dreams of an African empire, where the Cape to Cairo Railway? Mr. Rhodes may know, but he won't tell.

AN EXPERT.



Miss Swift-I wouldn't hurt anybody for the world. I'm so glad





The Dear Old Gentleman-Next time, miss, just run over me quietly and keep that chunky cur where he b'longs, please!

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NO. 300 MULBERRY STREET—

WHY THE

A SPLENDID

WEAPON

HORRIBLE USE.

AND THE

PUBLIC

POLICE SHOULD

ITS PAST AND ITS PRESENT.

Commissioner Murphy wishes to move from No. 300 Mulberry street. It is true that the building is too old and too small and too

far downtown. But there is another reason which might well arouse the sentiment for

No. 300 Mulberry street-built in 1863was the scene of the organization of the police force that was and

deserved the name "the finest." "It was "the finest"—in discipline, in efficiency, in appearance. It was not perfect. On the contrary, it was sadly imperfect. The seeds of corruption, the seeds of decay, were in it from the beginning. The men who made it so good in so many ways were the very men who also organized and perfected the blackmailing system, including the shameful copartnership between the police and crimi-

But at least life and property were safe under "the finest." And the strong, if corrupt, hands of the leaders of the force restrained the elements which they corruptly tolerated.

But when the decline became visible-about 1896-it also

To-day No. 300 Mulberry street is the centre and disseminafor of laziness, corruption, contempt for all the right standards of police duty. And the once superb detective branch, the pride of New York, has become feeble and almost

ridiculous TURNED TO A

Why? Because the men in control seized this once splendid instrument of law and order for the sole purpose of using it to further the

ends of government for what Mr. Croker frankly described as "my own pocket all the time." And the spectacle of highly placed and nighly organized rottenness has incited every corrupt man to "do] ousiness" on his own account wherever possible, has made the ndifferent lax and lazy, has frightened the honest into standing rudently aloof.

In yesterday's news we had Bissert boasting that he was "no quealer"-giving as his idea of the standard of police honor under Murphy and Devery a refusal to "peach" on his fellow-criminals of the force; and we also had the District-Attorney saying that his 2 activities against blackmailers had set the Police Department to shadowing his every move!

No. 300 Mulberry street has run the complete gamut-rise, glory, fall. It is time to move—and start afresh.

THE TEST OF LEADERSHIP.

If this strike comes the great point will be leadership. And the great problem for the leaders on either side will be how to win public sympathy.

If public sympathy should be with the Steel Trust, there would obviously be no hope for the strikers. The THE LEADERS

same causes which set public sympathy would operate to discourage them. PROBLEM OF If public sentiment should be divided or SENTIMENT. aloof, that would operate more strongly

against the strikers than against the trust. Therefore it is vital to the success of Shaffer's leadership that he move public sympathy actively, positively, clearly to his side and against the side of the opposing leader, Morgan.

Leader Shaffer has thus far made only one direct appeal for public support—his "call" to his followers to strike. The effect of that appeal-whether it has "fired the popular heart" and warmed his followers to enthusiasm or has fallen upon indifferent or reluctant ears-is the point to study if you wish to get an idea of the prospects of the strike and the policy of declaring it.

Has Leader Shaffer scored? Or has Leader Morgan, still silent, scored upon Leader Shaffer's move?

THE CONEY ISLAND PARK.

There is to be a park at Coney Island; that is settled. But 2 differences as to details may delay it.

Commissioner Brower—an enthusiast, as any man in his place should be wants to spend a quarter of a million dollars and creet pavilions, a great 2 public bathing-house and a laundry where NEW PARK. bathing-suits may be washed. "It is useless,"

says he, "to put a few chairs out there and call it a park." Not so. Put out a great many chairs and let the people on the land, and a park it will be. Nature will make it one by tinting the sky and bidding the sea roll past.

The great bathing-place is a splendid plan. The city needs it and must have it. But it can be built after the park is in use.

Mr. Guggenheimer and Mr. Coler are right in insisting that the park should be opened promptly and at slight expense.

N INTERRUPTED SKETCH. FEW GREEKS By F. M. HOWARTH.



Clara Gotrox-Oh, Fan, there's that lovely artist, Mr. d'Auber, sitting over there making a sketch. Let us steal up softly behind



D'Auber (aloud, to himself)-Now, let me see. Six dollars for my board, 25 cents for laundry, 10 cents for a bag of tobacco; that makes six thirty-five, and shave, six fifty. Good! I can stay another week and do my best to win one of those Gotrox girls!



But he changed his mind.

ONE WOULDN'T BE ENOUGH.



The Elephant-I want one of those \$3 suits you advertise.

I am a young man and have been a week at the present time. Would you to what your expenses will be? You can advise me to get married? I have about easily decide the matter between you.

T depends altogether upon the girl If she is a prudent, economical young Dear Mrs. Ayer: woman who understands housework no bad habits, I should think you could be my ruin. I proposed to her last live on \$11 a week.

point of view. keeping company with a young lady for Why do you not talk it over with the she was only pretending to love me and the past three years. I am earning \$11 girl and make an exact calculation as that she was about to wed another.

A Heartless Young Girl.

cellent husband from a matter-of-fac

and domestic matters, and if, as I as- girl for two years and grew so attached sume, you have no expensive tastes and to her that if we should part it would

terial in him and should make an ex-, have had since she consented I asked her to wait till I got on my feet again. She gave me back the ring and said F. E. C.

CAREFULLY CONSIDERED

rid of her. If she was only capricious, and said it was not true. not understand how her flippant reply would make you feel.

I should give her a chance to prove her real estimate of you. Try to have A young man who has at your age make me the happlest man in the world, a serious tall seved \$500 has certainly got good maa serious talk with her and find out

A Very Fickle Young Man. Dear Mrs. Ayer: About two months ago I met a young

man who seemed to care for me ever I do not since. I care for him better than for this young man. Now what would you advise me to do? any one else. A few friends of mine You simply are flattered by his attold me that he says the same thing to tentions and imagine that you have lost ish girl to put up with his nonsense. F the girl told you the truth she is every girl he meets. I wrote him a let- your heart. Be a sensible girl and for- I assume that you know it is not cruel and heartless, and you are well ter telling him so. He was very angry get him.

> HEARTBROKEN. OU must certainly have an ex-Tremely brittle heart if it is broken over the incident you describe. You will have to make up your to the house, but he has never come, mind either to believe the young man heuse. When I meet him he species to him as to will have the privilege you offer him in inviting him mind either to believe the young man heuse. When I meet him he species to him as

Makes and Breaks Dates. Dear Mrs. Ayer:

not your friends at all, or they would | me and sometimes walks home with

R s you have asked my opinion I give it frankly. I think the young man is a cad, and you are a very foolproper for young girls to visit the homes of young men, and I wish you would realise that making engagements for meetings on the street is a vulgar

IN GREECE.

Most of Slavonic Origin.

Greece died because the men who left none of their kin and therefore none of their kind. "'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more." for the Greek of tothe loins of Leonidas or Militiades. He is the son of the stable boys and scullions and slaves of the day of her glory. make no use in her conquest of Asia. "Most of the old Greek race," says W. H. Ireland, "has been swept away and the country is now inhabited by persons of Slavonic descent. Indeed, there is strong ground for the statement that there was more of the old herola od of Hellas in the Turkish army of Edhem Pasha than in the soldiers of King George, who fled before them three years ago." King George himself is only an alien placed on the Grecian throne to suit the convenience of the outside powers, which to the ancient Greeks were merely factions of barbarians, says David Starr Jordan, in the Popular Science Monthly. In the late war some poet, addressing the spirit of zient Greece, appealed to her:

Of all thy thousands grant us three To make a new Thermopyles.

But there were not even three-not even one-"to make another Marathon." and the Turkish troops swept over the historic country with no other hind-

THE PEOPLE

EVERYBODY'S COLUMN

Since heaven ordained one day in even as a rest day does it not follow that one-seventh of our time should be given us by employers as vacation? half weeks' vacation instead of the pres ent two weeks (one-twenty-sixth of the year). I am in earnest. Let us agitate this. We have high authority for it. MARTIN J. PFEIFFER.

Cure for the Canary. to the Editor of The Evening World: In response to the letter in regard to

the asthmatic canary, I wish to say that birds at this season are moulting and usually will not sing. Directions for care during this period: Keep birds out of draughts; give them sunshine through a closed window, regular foods, also one-half hard boiled egg, one pinch or red pepper, one cracker (soda), ground fine. Mix these together. Give fresh every day for two weeks. Bird will re-sume singing in four weeks. H.

"How About It?"

To the Editor of The Evening World: Why are there so few red-headed po-licemen in New York? One may walk sil day, sometimes, and not see a single one. Is it that ruby-haired men aren't big and strong enough to get on the force? How about it. red heads?

OBSERVANT.

the Editor of The Evening World: o exterminate the Staten Island or any other mosquito by attacking him in 'spots" with kerosene oil. It is like fighting fire with fire. The whole of Staten Island would have to be drowned simultaneously to produce an effect. Even then they'd take refuge in the trees, and the first wind from New Jersey would "skecterize" the island again. Now, why not try the "benevo Let the "Manhattans," the "Putnams" and the "Westchesters" be induced to make war on the "Staten Islanders," and "Funston" or capture their "Ag-uinaido." The mosquito is indigenous to the soil, older than either Indian or white man, and time has given him such a firm "grip" that he has become absolutely invincible and indestructible. J. M'CORMICE.

Some Satiric Advice. To the Editor of The Evening World:

Never marry a poor girl when you can get a rich one. Never have any people on your visiting list who do not give good dinners. Society owes it to a modlooking young man to feed him well. The laborer should be worthy of his hire. Don't let the same girl make "sooterribly artful nowadays and sometimes take this way of ensnaring an unsuspecting man. Give them to understand at once that you know your worth, and that you are not going to throw yourself way to please anybody. Don't give too many presents to girls. That sort of thing compromises a man terribly and is, besides, expensive. Let the girls give is, besides, expensive. Let une give the presents. Some of them have more money than they know what to do with anyway, and they might as well spend it on you as squander it some other way. Besides, most girls enjoy making a man happy by giving him things he doesn't went and that are of no earthly use to him.

CYNIC.

"A Spirited Dispute." To the Editor of The Evening World:

Which first attracts girls most about a man-his costume, his face, his figure or his manner? We have had a spirited dispute over it up here and have left it dispute over it up here and have lost to your readers to arbitrate,
G. WILLY PIFCOE, JR.,
Catskill, N. Y.

AND YOU AWAY. DELLS that over the meadows

1) Flowers that make the But how can the world of the summer sing,
And you away-away?

And you away-away? Morning there on the hills su-

And you away-away? And you away, my dear. With the sigh and the falling tear: And what can the morning sing or

And you away—away?
—Frank L. Stanton

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